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The Liberalist

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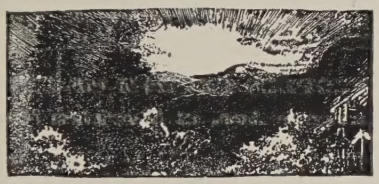


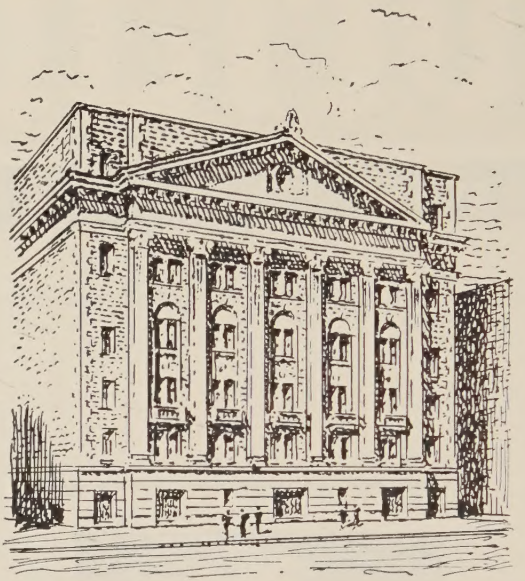
LOOK AGAIN

By E. H. MORGAN

I saw a thistle and a flower
Growing side by side:
My eyes turned from the thistle to
The flower it sought to hide.

I saw the angry heavens glowering,
Presaging rain:
I caught a glimpse of sunshine when
I chanced to look again.

And so we'll find that though this life
Holds much of clouds and rain;
We're sure to see the sunshine if
We only look again.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXIV **August, 1947** *Number 5*

Out Fishin'

A feller isn't thinkin' mean
Out fishin';
His thoughts are mostly good and clean
Out fishin'.
He does not knock his fellow-men,
Or harbor any grudges then;
A feller's at his finest when
Out fishin'.

A feller's glad to be a friend,
Out fishin'.
A helpin' hand he'll always lend
Out fishin'.
The brotherhood of rod and line
An' sky and stream is always fine;
Men come real close to God's design
Out fishin'.

A feller isn't plotting schemes,
Out fishin'.
He's only busy with his dreams
Out fishin'.
His livery is a coat of tan,
His creed—to do the best he can,
A feller's always mostly man,
Out fishin'.

The Good, the True, the Beautiful

Our Only Creed

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

36th YEAR

Sunday Morning Service.....11 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD
Closed for the summer. Re-opening
September 14th

Sunday Evening Service (November
through Easter).....7:30 o'clock

Church School of Religious Education.....9:30 a.m.
Closed for the summer. Re-opening
September 14th

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures
(November through Easter).....8:00 o'clock

DR. BRADLEY ON THE AIR

WLS—Every morning at 9:30 (Monday through Friday), ABC Network. Over 200 stations in the U.S. and Canada. (By transcription July to Sept. 15th)
"Hymns of All Churches" Program.

WGN—Every evening at 6:00 (Monday through Friday) Sept. 15th through June.

Throughout the summer, Dr. Bradley will be heard over WJJD in a short sermon from 11 to 11:15 every Sunday morning.

"THE RELIGION OF THOMAS JEFFERSON"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
April 13, 1947

"TWO hundred and four years ago today Thomas Jefferson was born. One of the most difficult things which any speaker or writer has to do who talks about people who lived a long time ago is to treat them in such a way that they will possess vitality and dynamics for the contemporary period in which we live. At a time when most of us are concerned so vitally with the contemporary scene of both national and international problems, there are people who have an idea that anyone born 200 years ago is of little significance to the solution of the problems of today. When that observation is made concerning Thomas Jefferson, it is a pathetic indication of a very fundamental illiteracy in regard to the processes of government and the evolution of civilization itself. Thomas Jefferson has been too long neglected and too much exploited politically and in the time which I have today I should like to revitalize his life, personality and character in such a way that we all might have a deeper appreciation and be better able to make an appraisal of the contribution of his thinking and his life not only to the integration of our own nation and the establishment here of certain fundamental principles of social justice which constitute the foundation for the perpetuity of any economic or political structure, but as applied to the very background of the whole world picture itself.

The interesting thing about ideals is that they are not locative or provincial and they are not circumscribed by boundary lines, oceans and rivers and not imprisoned within the areas of the development of history. Ideals are universal; ideals have the quality of the permanent; ideals are of the essence of the eternal; ideals may not be appropriated and may not be imprisoned by any particular group, religion, creed or philosophy of life, and the reason men like Jefferson increase in stature as history unfolds, and the reason they are eternal men is because they dwelt with eternal ideals, they belonged in the tradition of eternal ideals, and no man, and there are no exceptions, in the history of this nation, was in deeper touch with the eternal qualities of life than Thomas Jefferson.

It is a pity to pass through this life without knowing Thomas Jefferson and knowing the magnitude of his mind, the all-inclusiveness of his spirit, and the scope of his vision, not only for his own nation, but for the world, for anyone's scope of vision which only includes his own nation's future is faulty and defective. Unless we can touch the limitless and unless we can include the spaciousness of humanity itself we are defective in our grasp and understanding of what constitutes the problems of life.

It is pitiful to me, even to the extent of incomparable tragedy, that the youth in the high schools of the United States, almost without exception, come out of their high school activity, those who go on into colleges and universities, or those who go immediately into the more practical aspects of life, with a most limited comprehension and un-

derstanding of the personalities and factors that entered into the construction of their society and of their nation.

I have spoken to high school forums and assemblies all over this country, speaking to thousands and thousands of high school students, throwing open the meeting after I have finished for questions, and I am tremendously amazed at the almost universal ignorance of high school students as to the historical personalities and the historical principles of their own culture and their own civilization. I know many in high school in the upper grades who can discuss more intelligently and more authoritatively some phases of European ideology, who are better informed on Stalin or Karl Marx, who are better informed on some of the historical episodes in some of the other nations of the world than they are on their own.

Now I am going to say something that every high school student listening to me, or academic student, may criticize me for saying, but I am saying it not to criticize you, because you are not involved, but if I had the control of the high school educational curriculums of this country and I could absolutely say what high school students should do and study in this field or that, one of the first things I would do would be to put in every high school in the United States, *EVERY HIGH SCHOOL IN THE UNITED STATES, A FOUR YEAR STUDY OF AMERICAN HISTORY* — four years! At present you have about one semester in the usual high school, perhaps two in some schools at the most, devoted to a study of United States history. And I will tell you another thing I would do; I would not make it elective; I would say to every high school student who wanted to go through any high school in the United States, "Here is a four year course in American history, and if you get a diploma from this school—I am not interested whether you take vocational training, science or classics, I am not interested whether you are going in for this or that, but if you get a diploma out of this high school you are going to spend four years studying American history." That's what I would do. I can hear someone say, "That is old fashioned, let the youngsters decide; don't use any sort of coercion, if you do they will develop a frustration." Will somebody please tell me what is being developed now? I don't think it would be a bad idea right at the beginning for us to eliminate a lot of this elective business. I know when I went to high school no faculty adviser came to me and said, "My boy, what would you like to study in high school?" and nobody said to me, "What are your natural proclivities and what are the adaptations that we discover in the confines of your personality?" Nobody told me that. When I started the Principal said, "Here is the course, and this is what you are going to study. This is what you have to pass in, if you graduate from this school."

I am modern and I am liberal but I am quite convinced that we have been making some grave mistakes somewhere along the line. When I come to consider the contribution of Thomas Jefferson to the development of our nation, I think of Jefferson who graduated from William and Mary College at the age of twenty, an absolutely disciplined, integrated personality, who knew Latin, Greek, German, and French. He was scientific in his inclinations, loved music, played the violin, had one of the finest libraries the nation has ever known, an inventor, the son of a man who had a great deal of land. When Thomas Jefferson married at an early age the woman of his heart and his life, he had over 1,000 acres of Vir-

ginia land. He was an aristocrat in the highest sense. Don't misunderstand me when I talk about a true aristocrat. I don't mean, obviously, just having money; I don't mean that at all, and I don't mean being socially secure. Thomas Jefferson was an aristocrat in the highest sense. What is the *true aristocrat?* The true aristocrat is the person who is never satisfied with anything less than the best, and one can be a true aristocrat and be on an old age pension; one can be a true aristocrat and be in the depths of poverty. Please disabuse your minds from the image you usually think of, for I am not thinking of that image when I say that in every trouble and every difficulty which democracy ever got into in this world, it was saved, preserved and projected by its true aristocrats. That is why in the whole history of democratic philosophy from the earliest thinking of man, nearly 3000 years ago until today, those who have given grave consideration and concern to the truth of the democratic philosophy agree that in the hours of danger, and in the hours when it would seem that democracy was to crumble and fall, there was always the superlative personality, the superlative mind. No matter how the people might rot and decay under the blessings of democracy until they thought it no longer necessary for them to be concerned with its problems, so that democracy would begin to get anemic . . . whenever that has happened there has been always the great personality, the great mind, the great heart, who would speak and think for the people. Whenever the people under the blessings of freedom and liberty permit the vices and the disintegration that come with comfort and ease and security and are the by-products of democracy . . . when the people are in danger from the exploitation of tyrants and dictators and when they feel they have been pushed into a blind ally, and people have to accept one tyranny or another, then comes a mind like Jefferson, a mind like Thomas Paine! Then come these minds and we see the outline so clearly and plainly preserved, projected for us and we take hope again!

It is a similar hour now in the life of democracy when through incompetent leadership and indulgence and through a false sense of security and because of an overpowering materialistic grasp of profit and greed, at a time when the blessings of freedom and liberty are jeopardized everywhere in the world . . . and when minds who should know better, are writing books and telling us that the choice has finally resolved itself between red communism on one side and fascism upon the other, and that there is no choice but between these two as to which we shall embrace, and that human society has found itself up a blind alley, until even in our own nation they are telling us that Americans must decide between communism and between fascism — then comes Thomas Jefferson! Then comes Abraham Lincoln! Then comes James Madison! Then come the Adamses! These men who grappled with the fundamental problems with their fine minds, their great understanding of historical processes, their keenness to detect historical trends, the prophecy of their vision to look out into the future, these men come and shame us!

What would Thomas Jefferson say today, this man whose fundamental philosophy of life was based first on the confidence in the people? Jefferson never for one moment doubted that the people possessed a potentiality to create a society based upon the principles of freedom, economic justice and industrial sanity. Not for one hour did he doubt that; and he saw more clearly than any man, except Thomas Paine,

that one of the dangers that might face a new nation would be the efforts of the ecclesiastical hierarchy to dictate the functions of government. Thomas Jefferson early in his life announced the principle of the free mind; Jefferson refused to be bound by the limiting dictates of any creed of religion or any church. His mind was so spacious and magnificent that he recognized the progressive and evolutionary revelation of God in the sphere of truth. He never for one moment believed that all the truth had been revealed to the mind of man. He never was content with any of the theories or theological vagaries that the mind of man has set up, with the inevitable limitations that come with creeds! Thomas Jefferson stood straight up with his six foot two of human flesh and his gospel of freedom, and so out of the New Testament he cut the words of Christ; he just took the actual sayings of Christ and gathered them together and that collection came to be known as "Jefferson's Bible." He based his whole ethical, moral philosophy of life upon an intelligently directed and an intelligently conceived moral and ethical philosophy. Where is there any better? He believed truth was under process of constant revelation; he believed in the ever expanding areas of intellectual opportunity, and he knew the association between that intellectual attitude and moral and spiritual freedom, and he applied that in all of his activities in public and private life. As President of the United States, as friend and counselor to every adventuresome, youthful mind the early nation ever knew, rising above the narrow limitations of political parties, quiet, reserved, but always fundamentally integrated, he had a sweep and a scope of the opportunity and potentiality of man. He trusted man, and he said to man, "Go on! Go forward! Keep climbing; keep experimenting; keep developing; don't let any institution throttle you!" He became the great Liberal of the American tradition. And now they would again try to assault liberalism and upon one side the great ecclesiastical power of the Church and a great voice of that Church heard over a broadcasting system of the nation, has said, "Liberalism is dead, and the nation trembles! Liberalism is dead!" Why, they have inveigled us into the conception that liberalism is dead and that now you and I must choose some form of tyranny; that we must either choose the tyranny of the State in some form of fascism or we must choose the tyranny of the proletariat in some form of communism or social organization.

I think of this hour in contrast to the genius and the philosophy of this great Jefferson. *LIBERALISM DEAD? DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!* And to every exponent who would say to America that you are now going to be tyrannized by one philosophy or the other, and that your liberalism is dead, I say, ladies and gentlemen, that that *IS NOT TRUE! LIBERALISM IS NOT DEAD! LIBERALISM IS ALIVE! JEFFERSON IS NOT DEAD! PAINE IS NOT DEAD!* You will see in the next three or four years when the reactions begin from the tyranny of state, and the tyranny of communism and fascism, *YOU WILL SEE BLOSSOMING AGAIN THE FREE SPIRIT OF MAN!* Jefferson will walk the earth again! The free spirit of man will not be imprisoned either by ecclesiastical dignitaries or by political powers! Man has caught a glimpse of freedom's heights; he is wading through blood; his heart has been broken, he has been persecuted, jailed and crucified, but he has not lost his courage and he is not going to trade security and protection for tyranny!

Patrick Henry still speaks! Thomas Jefferson still lives! Abraham Lincoln

is not dead! And before the American people succumb to the reaction of defeatism and the ultra conservatives lead democracy to confusion and chaos, these men are going to speak again and they are going to release freedom's spirit and freedom's courage. *WE ARE GOING TO THINK FOR OURSELVES ONCE MORE; WE ARE NOT GOING TO BE SHUTTLED INTO MASS FORMATION AND INTO GROUP ORGANIZATIONS!* We are not going to let tyrants, either of business, of labor, of the military, or of the church, dictate the thought of American people!

LIBERALISM IS NOT DEAD, and on this 204th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson, the exponent of this kind of freedom, I am honored that as a result of his activity, and the great who were like him in that hour, I can stand before an American microphone in an American pulpit and speak my words without the fear of being stopped by police, by governor, or by mayor! *I AM THE LIVING EXPONENT IN THIS HOUR OF THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OF PRESS, OF RADIO, OF PUBLIC ASSEMBLY, AND I HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT TO SPEAK AS ANY OTHER VOICE IN AMERICA, AND THAT RIGHT I CLAIM IN THE SPIRIT OF THOMAS JEFFERSON!*

One of the greatest utterances Jefferson ever made was when he said: *"I BOW UPON THE ALTAR OF GOD, HOSTILE AGAINST EVERY TYRANNY OVER THE MIND OF MAN."*

THAT IS FREEDOM!

DR. BRADLEY DEDICATES LUZERN GARDEN THEATRE

At Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

A PERFECT June evening descended upon the Lake Geneva countryside for the opening night of the Luzern Garden Theatre. Stars twinkled overhead, the breeze was balmy, and only the mental atmosphere was excited and expectant with that almost electric nervousness of a first night and a brand new theatre to be dedicated. Only a few days before someone had returned to Chicago saying, "Oh, I don't see how Jimmy can have it all ready by Friday night." But J. Bradley-Griffin, true to his reputation for doing the impossible when it needs to be done, somehow had everything ready.

Coming up from the lake toward the Theatre at the side of the Luzern Hotel, a high garden wall with four delicately-wrought iron lanterns atop it, greeted our gaze. Around the box office at the corner one looked into the prettiest little open-air theatre ever to greet a first-nighter's delighted gaze, with the length of garden wall on the left broken by a bright green gate at the center. Looking down the terraced garden, the beautiful proscenium, bedecked with bouquets of gorgeous peonies, invited one to linger for the opening so soon to begin.

Autos began to line the parking space, people strolled up from the lake and out from the Luzern Hotel at the right, and soon the boxes and all available seats, to the last high-terraced row, were filled.

Mr. Bradley-Griffin himself ushered Dr. Preston Bradley and his party to their box, then went upon the stage and welcomed those who had come from far and near to this auspicious evening; friends from Chicago as well

as from Janesville and surrounding cities, to add their numbers to the Lake Geneva residents and summer visitors. Mr. Bradley-Griffin first presented Mr. Roland Wilcox, owner of the Luzern Hotel, whose dream it was that there should be a summer garden theatre in Lake Geneva, who built the beautiful Luzern Garden Theatre and who interested Mr. Bradley-Griffin in bringing his Uptown Players there to produce plays from the end of June till the end of September.

Mr. Wilcox very modestly said that he felt sure Dr. Bradley could say all that he would say and more, and say it much better. In a very stirring address, Dr. Bradley dedicated the Luzern Garden Theatre, giving a brief resume of the life of the Uptown Players and mentioning the names of many who have gone from their ranks to grace stage and screen and to become famous personalities of the theatre. The Players gave a very excellent performance of Arsenic and Old Lace, which was their opening production.

After the play some of the First Nighters were presented to Dr. Bradley in the peony-bedecked hall and parlors of the Luzern Hotel, after which the Director of the Players, Mr. J. Bradley-Griffin, was host to many of his guests and the Players at a buffet supper served on the lighted stage of the Luzern Garden Theatre. As Dr. Bradley left to continue his trip to his Island home at beautiful Lake Vermilion in the North Woods and others went their separate ways, some to Stone Manor, some as guests of the Luzern Hotel, some to their summer dwellings, a lovely June moon looked down on the close of a memorable evening.

TEACHING CHILDREN ABOUT GOD?

(An article by Harvey Swanson, appearing in the May number of "Inner Faith.")

It is almost incredible, but true nevertheless. Some liberals have now become so confused that they quite seriously speak of "the harm done by indoctrinating little children in a belief in God."

Such a thought is symptomatic of the general sickness of our whole modern culture. We have so lost our bearings, and our sense of direction, that we move in a great blanketing fog, a sterile darkness, in which all things appear vague and gray.

The thing which so many of our confused generation forget, especially on this question of indoctrination, is that life simply will not stand still while we make up our minds whether we are to teach our children about God or not. The decision is forced. And this is the point: If we do not teach them, we actually indoctrinate them against the thought and experience of God. We deprive them of the opportunity of that inner development of sensitive and vital faith which has been the deep experience of many of us.

For religion is a little like music, in this respect. Never to expose a child to good music, in the fear that you will prejudice his judgment of music, is, in effect, and very decidedly, to condition him against that very high type of music which requires continued acquaintance and growing appreciation. Just so with God. Our inner life and experience of God needs the same careful husbanding and nurturing as our sense of beautiful music. It can never begin too early.

It is as though the stream of life were the Mississippi River, and we afloat upon it in a rowboat. It is all well and good to debate the question

whether we should or should not stop at St. Louis—but in the meantime we float past St. Louis, and the question is decided negatively for us. Just so, many of our modern children have been denied their rightful religious heritage and experience by the indifference or confusion of parents who hesitated to provide religious training for them.

Dr. Henry C. Link is a most eminent example of such confusion. He and Mrs. Link did not provide any religious training for their children, for the same reasons that are being offered today. But read again that remarkable volume, "The Return to Religion," and see how Dr. Link lived to confess that he was completely mistaken in that policy.

WHY DO THEY GRUMBLE SO?

A very interesting letter came in the mail recently from a young student at college—and I shall not name the college, the town, or the student, for reasons which will be apparent, and because the letter is long I can only give a portion of it:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—When I come back upstairs from my work in the morning, I turn on the radio and listen to Hymns of All Churches program. It is a great relief to me to listen to the splendid words you speak about living, working and believing in God and the wonderful world in which we live, compared to the terrible grumbling which goes on among the women students with whom I work.

"I am a waitress at the college. We do not receive much in wages, but we get all we want to eat and have nice rooms. We have a fine club house on the campus which the students support, where there is just about every kind of entertainment: games, pianos, ping pong tables, radio and victrola, typewriters—but you just can't get the girls to go over there. There is even a director of social activities, paid by the college. And a kitchen where refreshments can be prepared. What more could you ask for in a material way to make life pleasant?

But instead of taking advantage of these, they sit back and grumble in such ways as this: 'Well, I do more work than she does, why does she get more pay than I?' What is wrong with people when all they think of is money—when they really don't want to do anything to earn it? Why, instead of grumbling, and working and talking against each other, don't they work together? It all sounds pretty hopeless, but I'm sure it won't to you. Can't you say something that might help me and the others who work here?"

Well, the writer of the letter certainly hit a keynote when she said later on in the letter: "Why don't they count their blessings?" and again she says, "I really think they forget God is in us and their fellowmen, as God is in every beautiful thing; in other words they are ignorant of many things that go to make life interesting and beautiful." Well, I am sure that because of the lack of appreciation of the blessings they have, these girls will find what blessings they have will be taken from them, and no doubt the writer of the letter, who expresses her gratitude for and appreciation of all the good around her may have other blessings added to her store. I feel she has answered her own letter most adequately. Gratitude always opens the way for more of God's goodness.

P.B.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
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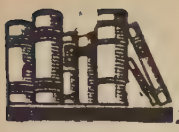
EDITORIAL

MY friend, Dr. Wm. Stidger, tells of a wayside vegetable stand that they like to patronize out near Concord, Massachusetts. And he says the reason they drive ten miles out of their way to patronize that stand is because of an experience they had many years ago.

That day they were total strangers to the Italian family that runs the stand. Dr. Stidger says he ordered a peck of peaches and when the fine, tanned, tall, rugged Italian boy who waited on him had filled the peck to overflowing so that the peaches ran off the top and fell to the ground, Dr. Stidger said to him: "Hey, there, pal, you are giving me more than good measure." "Oh, we always like to give good measure, full and overflowing," the boy replied, and added, with a wink: "It's good business." And when he had emptied that peck of peaches into a paper sack, he added a few more peaches. "But what do you get out of that kind of business?" asked Dr. Stidger, assuming a cynicism which he did not feel. "You'll go bankrupt doing that!" "We've been here five years and we haven't gone bankrupt yet doing that. Father says being generous doesn't hurt our business any. Besides, there's something to business besides making money, and you know that."

Dr. Stidger said that last phrase implied a compliment he hadn't hoped for, but the boy was right, for they have been going to that stand for more than ten years now, and nothing could drag them away. In fact, they pass fifty roadside stands to reach that one, and even during gas rationing used their additional gas to reach that stand when they could have gotten their fruit and vegetables much nearer home. The boy's standard of measurement won friends for him. His produce was always good. He always had a smile and got to know his customers by name and he believed in giving full measure, heaped up and running over. So the Stidgers told all their friends about him, and at least fifty of them patronize that stand all the time. During the time they have gone there two of the boys have grown to manhood; one has gone through college, another has married and has two children. And the Stidgers have been as interested in their personal affairs as if they were their own children. This Italian family has learned to get the most out of life by giving the most to life. P.B.



BOOK CHATS

IN these Book Chats I endeavor to choose only those books about which I can be enthusiastic and which seem to me to make a real contribution. I can give you no better example of my position in this matter than in the book entitled "The Spirit of Chinese Culture," by Francis C. M. Wei, President of Hua Chung University in Wuchang, China. At this time, when civil war rages in China, and when people are having opinions about China and the Chinese people, it is important that we know as much about them, their history and culture, as possible, and I know of no book that gives one a better understanding of these interesting people, with such an unusual background and history, as our book this evening.

Dr. Francis C. M. Wei is now President and Professor of Philosophy at Hua Chung University in Wuchang. This is one of the finest educational institutions in the Orient, and when you think that at the time of the war it picked up, lock, stock and barrel, and moved 3,000 miles into the interior, out of range of Japanese bombs, it gives you a little idea of the character of the institution. The experiences which this school had during the war years makes a dramatic tale of courage and endurance, under what were almost unbelievable conditions. The University remained eight years in exile but has now returned to Wuchang.

It was not until he was a mature man that Dr. Wei left his native land and came west to study philosophy. He has done graduate work at the universities of Oxford, London, Harvard and Yale, as well as in Berlin and Paris. He delivered the Haskell Lectures at Oberlin Graduate School of Theology and has been visiting Professor of Ethics at the Yale Graduate School, and has recently been selected as the first Henry W. Luce Visiting Professor of World Christianity at Union Theological Seminary, New York. He is not as well known as some other Chinese philosophers, but he is recognized by those who know, as a philosopher unsurpassed and as a guide unexcelled in leading us into an understanding of the spirit of the Chinese and their culture. This book was first given as the Hewett Lectures at Andover-Newton Theological School at Newton Center, Massachusetts, the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass., and the Union Theological Seminary in New York. The interest was so great and the demand so insistent that the lectures have now been given in this permanent form. It is not a large book; there are only 186 pages, but there is nothing like it which I have ever seen in print on the Chinese philosophy and culture.

Before we become too opinionated about the Chinese situation or become too dogmatic about the Chinese people, this is the book we should read. It ought to be required reading for every member of the Department of State of our government and every member of the United Nations organization. It is a study of the moral tradition and religion of the Chinese people. In five chapters following an initial chapter of a general introductory nature, Dr. Wei takes up the study of Confucianism and its vital place in Chinese culture; of Buddhism as it has affected that culture, and of Taoism as a force in China,

and then an interpretation of the influence of Christianity with relation to the Chinese and their cultural background.

Dr. Wei reminds us that Chinese cultural development extends some 4,000 years, and that her people possess certain mental traits and aspects of character which other nations must consider if we are to understand them. Western beliefs and practices cannot be imposed upon China. Some of us have held to that view for a long time and contemporary events in China substantiate the position. Then he develops this interesting idea: that if the ideas and ideals which we associate with Christian morality and democracy are to take root in China, they must assume a Chinese form which would be congenial and sympathetic to the ancient and traditional Chinese cultural heritage. In this position I think he is fundamentally sound. It is impossible to tie up democracy in a package and hand it to a people oriented by 4,000 years of traditional cultural pattern and expect them to accept it. The democratic philosophy itself has been trying for more than 2600 years to get a foothold in the Western world and it has had a difficult and a dangerous time. How can we expect to force democracy upon another people and another culture and another background and have them accept it or understand it in a generation? Democracy is a growing, vital, evolving thing and is not a static proposition at all. Whenever democracy seeks to impose itself by force or pressure, it fails. It always has, and it probably always will. It is only when people grow up to a conception of the responsibilities of democracy that democracy gets a toehold.

It seems to me that some of the democratic nations have been making a mistake in this regard for a long time in thinking that a nation can conquer another nation, and in the conquering of the nation compel that nation to assume some form of democratic government. The nations will become democratic only as they grow and evolve into democratic stature and understand the democratic pattern. If the diplomats of the world who are now trying to integrate the whole structure of world society, could only understand this principle better and more adequately, they would not run into so many diplomatic snarls and tangles. That is why one of the most important parts of the whole United Nations effort is the Educational and Scientific and Cultural Committee of the United Nations. The main emphasis is on some sort of political formation, and political understanding or agreement, and the basic cultural and spiritual principles are ignored.

There can be no unity without a moral and spiritual unity. It is well that one who comes out of these 40 centuries of Chinese development should come to the western world and bring our attention to these truths, for truths they are. He knows the Occident, and in his effort to bridge the gulf between the Occident and China, he is performing a service of distinguished character. If we are to know the Chinese, and China is to take her place finally among the democratic nations of the world, we must know the systems of thought and the religions which have had so large a part in making them. We have assumed large and increasing responsibilities in China; and these responsibilities require that we understand the basic technique by which we can cooperate effectively. Of all the books that I have read about China, of all the philosophers I have heard from China, with all the talk that we hear in America about China, I know of no one who surpasses Dr. Wei as an interpreter of

the soul of China to the English-speaking people of the world.

* * *

Some of you may recall the book called "The Murmur of Wings," a book which was published in 1944. I was so enthusiastic about that first book of Leonard Dubkin's that while I had never met him until this year's annual Shakespeare dinner given by The Friends of Literature I have watched with pleasant anticipation for another book by him. Just a word about him. He was born in Odessa in 1904 and came to this country two years later, and has lived in Chicago since he was eight years old. It was very early in his teens when he evidenced an unusual interest for one of his age in two things—birds and writing. Straight through his life these two interests have never left him. His first book, "The Murmur of Wings," is a whimsical and tender story of a man whose love for birds became the most vital thing in his life; the story of every man who dreams and hopes sometime to do the things he really wants to do. He has always kept to his writing, has been on newspapers in Chicago, New Orleans and San Francisco; and now we have his new book, "Enchanted Streets." I find it difficult to find words and phrases which will express adequately the full scope of my feeling about this book "Enchanted Streets." You know the usual type of book about nature. There is a fine literature inspired by nature, and we have had many poets and essayists, observers and scientists, who have gone far afield to tell us about living things. But here is a writer who makes no pretense of being a scientist, but in his walks and strolls on the city streets, in the parks, out on Northerly Island, Wooded Island, becomes acquainted with the birds and insects, the spiders, the weasels, the rats, the butterflies, the beetles, with all kinds of birds, rare and common, all the things which in the hectic confusion of a city's life most of us rush about without a thought of—most of us never see.

This book is the direct result of Leonard Dubkin's losing his job as a reporter. The news editor of the paper on which he was employed sent him out on an assignment to interview a murder suspect. The man was not at all the type one would think would kill his wife. He lived in an old home near the boundary line of one of our west side suburbs and Mr. Dubkin was sent out to interview him after the body of his wife was discovered. During the interview he heard noises in the walls, asked what they were, and was told they were squirrels. Then they went up in the attic, and Mr. Dubkin became so interested in watching the squirrels that the murder suspect left and said he would be back in a moment. Leonard Dubkin remained in the house and on returning to the newspaper office, every competitor newspaper in the city had the story on the front page, with the confession of the man who had left Mr. Dubkin in his house while he went to find a pair of glasses which had been left at the scene. He was immediately arrested and Leonard Dubkin was instantly fired. There is nothing quite like this book in its humor, its philosophy and its poetry. The rhythmic beauty of his style, the accuracy of his observations, and above all, the philosophy, is a quieting and restful experience. Through his eyes the streets of a city indeed become "Enchanted Streets."

* * *

The next book I have chosen for this chat is entitled "With President Taft in the Whitehouse," and the author is Dr. Charles E. Barker. It is published by A. Kroch & Son. Now from the title you might get an idea that it was a discussion of the political aspects and

other backgrounds of President Taft while he was in the Whitehouse. It is no such thing; and before we talk about it I want to speak of the author.

Dr. Charles E. Barker was born in Burlingame, Kansas, but grew to manhood in McConnelsville, Ohio. He was educated at Denison University, the University of Chicago, and received an honorary doctorate from Ohio Northern University in 1912. Dr. Barker began his career as a specialist in the principles of health and right living, and became nationally famous as physical instructor to William Howard Taft during his four years as president of the United States. During that time Dr. Barker saw the President every day. Dr. Barker has been a lecturer since 1913 and from 1919 to 1945 he spoke exclusively under the auspices of Rotary International. Over eight million people have heard Dr. Barker speak from Coast to Coast, and the finest comment I have read came from Dr. John Cavanaugh, President of Notre Dame University, when he said: "Happy is the community that hears this strong, wise man, with no axes to grind and no eccentricities of philosophy or conduct."

Dr. Barker has now retired from the lecture platform, and resides in Chicago, where I see him occasionally from my pulpit, and when not there he usually is in the congregation of the Chicago Temple, listening to my friend Dr. Goff. I have known him for many, many years, and I have never known anyone quite like him. His vitality, his dynamic personality, and fine mind are a constant inspiration to all who come in contact with him. Many of my Chicago readers, particularly among the women, will remember Juliet Barker, who later became Mrs. Lew Sarret. Juliet Barker spoke to many women's clubs, appearing annually before the Chicago Drama League, and had had considerable radio experience—a delightful personality, often in my home, and her tragic death not so long ago was a blow to her father, for they were unusually close and justifiably proud of each other.

Some men grow in stature with the passing of the years. Such a man was William Howard Taft. Such a man is Herbert Hoover. Dr. Barker met William Howard Taft when Taft was Secretary of War under Theodore Roosevelt; and when Taft was elected President of the United States he sent for Dr. Barker and had him become his personal physical instructor. We are all familiar with the fact that President Taft was an unusually stout man. He knew it was necessary for him to keep in as fine physical condition as possible to meet the burdens of the presidency. This was Dr. Barker's job, and through these contacts and conversations be gained insight into the feelings and thoughts of the president, and many incidents gleaned from his experiences are presented in this book. It is the kind of book written about a great man which does not follow the usual biographical pattern. But Dr. Barker has, out of the wide variety of his intimate knowledge of President Taft, chosen incident after incident, and we get an entirely new picture of Mr. Taft, one which, when his fine sons, Mr. Charles Taft and Senator Robert Taft, read the book, they acknowledged was as fine a picture of their father as anyone has yet drawn.

I never met President Taft except once, but I did know Theodore Roosevelt personally, and I was always interested in getting the real inside story of the break of the friendship between Taft and Roosevelt. Dr. Barker has treated the relationship between these two men with dignity, with understanding and above all, sympathetically; and even though, as Dr. Barker says, the

friendship was resumed, at least for the press, it never again reached its former intimacy, for the scars of such a battle as theirs can never be completely healed, at least in this world. Nevertheless, their high esteem and regard for each other was at least partially renewed, and it continued until Col. Roosevelt's death. The funeral of Col. Roosevelt took place on a dismal, rainy afternoon. Long after the body had been interred in its final resting place near the Roosevelt home on Long Island, and friends and relatives were leaving, one lonely figure still remained at the side of the grave. William Howard Taft was saying a last goodbye to a friend. And in closing the incident, Dr. Barker says, "Some may call it wishful thinking, but I feel sure that a few years later, when Taft's great soul winged its way to the other world, the first to greet and welcome him home was Theodore Roosevelt."

Dr. Barker has dedicated this book to his daughter, Juliet, for it was written as the result of a promise made to her before her death. "The events and experiences which I have here set down," he says, "were often the subject of family conversation. She kept insisting that it would be grossly neglectful on my part were they not to be recorded in some more permanent form, as she felt that they had given her a clearer conception of Taft's character and accomplishments. I gave my word and here is the result of that promise," concludes Dr. Barker in the foreword.

It is not a big book, only 73 pages, but in it he has captured the spirit and the soul of a very great man; never, perhaps, a great executive, but a great mind and a great heart, who had a sense of humor, too, not only when things were going well, but, much more important, when they were not. The last time Dr. Barker ever saw President Taft was when the President was dying, in Asheville, No. Carolina, in 1930. Dr. Barker was lecturing at Asheville, and when Mr. Taft heard he was there, he sent for him and they saw each other for the last time. Future historians and biographers are indebted to Dr. Barker for this book, and even the most bitter enemies of Mr. Taft will be unable to read it without acknowledging the greatness of his soul and heart.

The only piece of mural decoration hanging in President Taft's room in the Whitehouse was a framed sonnet written by Henry van Dyke of Princeton, which was sent him by a friend. President Taft admired it greatly. Dr. Barker closes his book by quoting it:

"Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul;
Not hurrying to, nor turning from, the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To youth and age, and travels on with cheer.
So let the way wind up the hill or down,
O'er rough or smooth, the journey will be joy:
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
My heart will keep the courage of the quest,
And hope the road's last turn will be the best."

The publishers, A. Kroch & Son, have produced a beautiful book in format, and my copy, which is made more precious to me by the friendly inscription of the author, will always remain in my library. P.B.

THE ANSWER OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Rabindranath Tagore was one time asked, "What is God?" Tagore replied, "When I was a little lad, I asked my father, and my father said, 'Come with me into the jungle,' and he showed me the earth, the smell of the earth, and he said to me, 'That is God. Stand with me in the dawn, just in that elusive, mystic moment when it is neither dark nor light, but melody, beauty—stand and see the light blend!—That is God! Come with me to the woods: listen, listen to the birds; music, music—that is God. My boy, God is in everything that is beautiful, everything that is good, everything that is kind.' "

Let us forget for the moment, fine distinctions of theology, creeds, and discussions of metaphysics—I have known sunlight and moonlight; the heart of a friend; the heave and sigh of the sea; I have seen the granite peaks of mountains part the sky, and lift my soul as they were lifted up. For the moment, forget the cold phrases of men; for God is in all that lives and loves and liberates. Whether it be the altar in your church, the temple in the woods, or on the prairie or the sea—there is God.

A couple from the city one time were driving up through Vermont, and they came to a little village, isolated from the general current of life. An old Vermont farmer, trying to wrest a living out of the rock and granite, sat on the porch of the little country store, and these city slickers bounced up in front of that store, with all the sophistication of a superior civilization with all of its veneer, at the same time trying to be impressive, with their air of being from the city, and inclined to make a little fun of things, and finally one of them looked at the old farmer sitting there and said, "What do you do around here all the time? You have no movie, no train—what do you do?" The old farmer looked out at the mist covered mountains, glanced at that lovely stream, gliding in musical beauty on to the sea; looked around at it all, and then turned to them (and I imagine inside he said "What's the use? I'm not even going to try to explain"). So he looked at them a moment and then he said: "What do we do around here? Why, we just live!"

"THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD"

"This is my father's world,
  And to my listening ears
All Nature sings, and round me rings
  The Music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world,
  I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas—
  His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world,
  The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white,
  Declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world,
  He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,
  He speaks to me everywhere."

Maltbie D. Babcock,
From "Poems for Life," Clark.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

"Arden"

My dear friends:

Such a quiet, peaceful evening, following an extremely warm day. It is one of those evenings when there is scarcely a ripple on the lake, and reflections lie deep and long. There is not a leaf stirring on the trees, shadows are gathering and deepening, and with them a little feeling of coolness though there is no breeze seemingly from any direction. The birds are singing ever so softly their chant-like evensong.

A little warbler a few minutes ago flew to the bird bath (which stands surrounded by ferns, looking so inviting) and splashed there for several minutes, obviously enjoying the cooling bath before going to bed! The garden looks refreshed and grateful for the thorough sprinkling we gave it with the hose, and all the flower scents blending make the air sweet.

The afterglow of the sunset still tints the sky pale pink, and the evening star is already twinkling in the blue; when dark comes on it will look to be enormous and remarkably brilliant. It is one of those evenings when one almost wonders if they are still in this world, or in some place unearthly, far removed from strife and struggle, hatred and greed, crowds and noise, fighting and rumors of war being imminent.

We have had special pleasure lately with three bird couples building nests so close to us we practically feel they are a part of our household. About two weeks ago we noticed a veery (they of the thrush family—so shapely and well groomed and with a melodious call so like the thrush they are often mistaken for them) flying across the patio, and finally carrying bits of bark and dry leaves into an ivy plant in a large jar on a flower stand on the patio. I couldn't believe it at first, but true enough, she built a nest in the pot of ivy—and shortly we found upon inspection one day when she was for the moment absent, three beautiful little greenish-blue eggs. They were hatched out today, after days of watchful waiting, and the mother and father are busy every minute from dawn till dark feeding their family. They do not mind in the least when we are on the patio—sometimes we have a meal there—but the veery family seem to look upon us as good neighbors, attending to our own affairs, and they do likewise.

Shortly after the veeries moved in we noticed a little song-sparrow flying in and out of one of the window boxes that hold beautiful red geraniums, vining lobelias, petunias, etc. We investigated and found the nest ready for occupancy. I may say I was not exactly pleased! The whole island to build nests in—need they settle in my porch plants and window boxes and choice garden spots? Usually the plant dies where a bird has nested. Of course one cannot water the plant and dampen the nest. That same day Doctor found another song-sparrow's nest in the back garden, nestled among the plants, with five little eggs in it! The

one in the window box has three. All are out of the shell now, such tiny things one wonders how they can develop into lovely birds large enough to fly and live their normal life.

The song-sparrow is the most cheering of all birds, singing the day long the sweetest song, not unlike a canary, and specially is it noted for singing in the rain. I've seen them perched on a post or bare branch in the pouring rain, singing as though they'd split their throats. So just now we are deeply interested and spend quite a little time watching our little feathered neighbors bring up their families. But the summer is passing. Even the birds are late having their families, and flowers are a month to six weeks late. Whoever before knew of peonies blooming in July? Delphineums have never been more beautiful—with twenty-six inches of stálk, heavy with flowerets—really very spectacular, so giant-flowered and gorgeous in color too. The roses are indescribably beautiful, while many of the reliable old-fashioned annuals are very poor and disappointing this year. It has been an odd, fitful, discouraging season all through as to weather. No wonder the flowers are not performing as usual.

Now let us turn to the Mail Bag. The first letter is from Earlville, Illinois. And what a fine letter it is, expressing appreciation:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—For many years I have been a member of your unseen audience and have received immeasurable help from your inspiring broadcasts. Tonight when you reiterated the statement that your greatest desire in life is to help people, I decided to tell you of one more in whom that wish had been fulfilled.

"Your faith in humanity, your buoyancy of spirit and zest for living are so utterly contagious, even the least imaginative must register some response to your appeal for finer living, while the power of your great mind and the clarity of your ideas, expressed in a resonant, beautiful voice, must in some way touch the heart of all of your listeners. You really do something to people. The driving power of your life ought to shame us all out of our lethargy and stimulate us to more worthwhile living.

"It is my earnest prayer that you will be granted many more years to carry on this wonderful work you are doing to help and bless humanity—to help people find 'peace and security, which is happiness.'

"I hope some day I may have the privilege of being in your visible audience in a church service. Meanwhile I shall continue to listen nightly to the beauty and power of your wonderful broadcasts.

"With deepest gratitude, I am, Sincerely yours, Margaret Bullock."

* * *

Here is one from Ohio that is very nice:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—I feel as though I really know you as I listen in each morning to your talks. I have just finished reading your book 'Life and You,' and I have been inspired and encouraged. It is a grand book. If I could only remember all the truths it contains. In the chapter on Mental Health you spoke of people not being able to meet a test in some hour of need because they failed to master and have control over little things. That brought to my mind a little verse written by Amelia Earheart in her book, 'The Last Fight': 'Courage is the price that life exacts for granting peace. The soul that knows it not has no release from little things.' I have used this little verse for so long and give it to my children often. Another verse I have had and used so much is very

familiar, and in reading 'The Substance of Faith' just a few nights ago it was quoted. I was just sure it was going to be, and I just said, 'Thank you, God,' and it also applies to your chapter, 'What About the Soul?' . . . Thank you for your good talks each day and for all the good you are doing. Very respectfully, a listener, Mrs. Amanda McCarty."

* * *

The next letter comes from a distance—way down in Waco, Texas:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—I am one of those sponges who listen to your program. I like it and soak it in, but am prone to forget what a thank-you or appreciative note means to you. Although I am a Baptist, I am married to a grand Christian Scientist, and I realize more and more that Christians are not restricted to one church and that, although we may be 'set' on our religion, we are happier when we see the beauty and good points of other sects.

"Thank you again for the minutes of inspiration in both music and word that you, your choir, and your sponsors bring to me and other housewives. Sincerely, Mrs. Don E. Bybee."

* * *

The following is a fine expression of appreciation from one of Chicago's well known teachers, Myles F. Havlicek, who writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—I just don't know where to begin in telling you about your wonderful sermon this morning.

"As a teacher in our Chicago Public High School for the past twenty-five years, who has seen our schools deteriorate under Dr. Johnson because of the spoils system and with no end in sight, your remark that our high school students should be compelled to take four years of United States History certainly is very timely. The teachers are charged with the responsibility of the leadership of our youth, but have no voice in the making of their curriculum. In the meantime straw houses are being built and social cyclones are being formed.

"May God always bless you, Dr. Bradley. Sincerely, N. F. Havlicek."

* * *

I think I have filled the space I should take, so I must now bid you goodbye until next time. Do write—Dr. Bradley greatly appreciates hearing from you. We hope you are all enjoying the summer and getting as much of the out-of-doors as possible. KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

RENDITION

We defend religion too much. Vital religion, like good music, needs no defense but rendition. A wrangling controversy in support of religion is precisely as if the members of an orchestra should beat folks over the head with their violins to prove that music is beautiful. But such procedure is no way to prove that music is beautiful. Play it!

Harry E. Fosdick,
From "Inner Faith"

THE ULTIMATE REASON

To believe in Nothing as the cause of the supernal processes by which the cosmos, and man in it, have come into being: this is indeed the supreme renunciation of reason. Yet men who will tell you that to find two rows of bricks piled upon another is evidence that a mind and a hand have been at work will tell you also that the building up of fiery worlds and their launching into space is no evidence for a living cause!

From "And Another Thing" by Howard Spring (Quoted from "Inner Faith.")

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

FOR JUNE

1—Morning Service. Peoples Church

2—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

3—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Commencement address. High School, Plainfield, Ill.

4—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Commencement address. High School, Wheaton, Ill.

5—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Commencement address. High school and Junior College, Joliet, Ill.

6—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Conservation Dinner, Gary, Ind.

8—Closing Morning Service. Peoples Church

9—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Library Board
Radio address. WGN

10—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Cut records for summer B'casts

11—Radio address. WLS
Cut five records for WLS summer broadcasts
Radio address. WGN
Commencement address. High School, Hammond, Ind.

12—Radio address. WLS
Radio address by transcription. WGN
Commencement address. High Schools, Lansing, Mich.

13—Radio address. WLS
Radio address by transcription. WGN
Address. Men's Club of Presbyterian Church, Linden, Mich.

16—Radio address. WLS
Cut 10 records for WLS summer broadcasts
Radio address. WGN

17—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Attendance Luncheon Central "Y"
Cutting records summer B'casts

18—Radio address. WLS
Cut 10 records for WLS summer broadcasts
Radio address. WGN

19—Radio address. WLS
Cut 10 records for WLS summer broadcasts
Business conference
Radio address. WGN

20—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

23—Radio address. WLS
Cut 10 records for WLS summer broadcasts
Radio address. WGN

24—Radio address. WLS
Cutting records WLS summer b'casts
Radio address. WGN

25—Radio address. WLS
Cutting records WJJD
Radio address. WGN
Address. 122nd Field Artillery Armory

26—Radio address. WLS
Cutting records WJJD
Radio address. WGN

27—Radio address. WLS
Address. 1st Congregational Church
Commencement address for Worsham College
Radio address. WGN
Address. Dedication of Luzern Garden Theatre. Lake Geneva, Wis.

CHRISTENINGS

8—Sana Lee Scheben and Neal Scott Scheben, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Scheben

Paula Ann Tarantino, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Tarantino

Michael John McBride, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herschel McBride

Bruce James Sova, son of Mr. and Mrs. Anselm Sova

Marcia Jean Kadlecek, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kadlecek

Richard Timothy Schroeder and Nancy Anne Schroeder, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schroeder

Mrs. Kathleen Davis Tarantino

24—Evelyn Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Martin

WEDDINGS

2—Benjamin Butler and Winifred Cleary

4—Glen Basnett and Dorothy Hammerlund

Oscar Larson and Mildred Dall Miller

7—Robert E. Collins and June Simmonds

James J. Lauritsen and Eleanor Sikora

9—Willis Settle and Mary Ellen Billings

11—Harold Anderson and Lucille Bernhardt

Eugene Witz and Marie Ekern

16—John A. Kramer and Verna Riddlesbarger

18—Charles Flora and Mary Lee Schlensker

21—K. E. Potter and Mary Francis Binney

23—O. A. Kindom and Florence L. Harris

25—William Martin and Evelyn Rodgerson

27—Donald P. Higgins and Marion Louis

FUNERALS

2—Lew Wallace Steibgen

5—Mrs. Eloise Temple Mason

6—Paul H. Hughes

Wm. Earl Henderson

Charles Wm. Oeler

9—Mrs. Chester Gut

10—Mrs. Catherine Sorenson

18—Mae M. Cone

23—A. L. Sloan

Wm. A. Brucker

Charles Bradley

24—George Lind

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

36th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD). Closed for the summer. Reopening September 14 ..... 11:00 a.m.
During the summer by transcription, WJJD, every Sunday 11:00 to 11:15

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall.
Closed for the summer. Re-opening September 14 ..... 9:30 a.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS Fridays—Auditions 7:30—Church Auditorium.
Next rehearsal, August 29 ..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB
Miss Mabel E. Byrnes, Cor. Sec'y., 1252 Glenlake Ave.(40), Bri. 5308

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB
Miss Grace Rozanski, Cor. Sec'y, 1434 Thome Ave. (26), Bri. 6914

MEN'S CLUB
Earl S. Neindorf, Sec'y, 1517 School St., (13), Lak. 7267

USHER'S CLUB
Frank J. Mason, Sec'y, 4935 Broadway (40), Edg. 3519

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTELME CLUB
(Meets on Notice)
Jane Jones, Pres., 1261 Argyle St., Ard. 9301

PARENT-TEACHER FORUM of the Church School
George Young, Sec'y, 2426 Berwyn Ave. (25)

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS, J. Bradley-Griffin, Director
Summer address: Luzerne Garden Theatre, Lake Geneva, Wisc.
For details see page 23

THE CHANNING CLUB
Rosemary Sparks, Cor. Sec'y, 852 Lakeside Place (40)

GIRL SCOUT TROOP No. 187
Betty Boaz, Leader, 7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26), Rog. 5742

CUB PACK No. 3864 of BOY SCOUTS
Gil Miller, Leader, 832 Montrose Ave., Rav. 5531

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday Morning by transcription ..... 11 to 11:15 a.m.

WLS—"Hymns of All Churches" (ABC Network—200 stations), Monday through Friday. (By transcription until Sept. 15th) ..... 9:30 a.m.

WGN—Monday through Friday. Will be resumed on September 22 .... 6:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

LUZERN GARDEN THEATRE, LAKE GENEVA, WIS.

Production—"THE LITTLE FOXES"

Friday, August 1 — Sunday, August 3
Saturday, August 2 — Monday, August 4
Curtain 8:30

"BLITHE SPIRIT"

Friday, August 8 — Sunday, August 10
Saturday, August 9 — Monday, August 11
Curtain 8:30

"ANGEL STREET"

Friday, August 15 — Sunday, August 17
Saturday, August 16 — Monday, August 18
Curtain 8:30

"HAY FEVER"

Friday, August 22 — Sunday, August 24
Saturday, August 23 — Monday, August 25
Curtain 8:30

"HAND IN GLOVE"

Friday, August 29 — Sunday, August 31
Saturday, August 30 — Monday, September 1
Curtain 8:30

This beautiful new theatre is easily reached by auto, Northwestern train or Greyhound bus (the latter leaving Chicago at State and Lake). For information as to the Theatre or the Bradley-Griffin Summer Workshop, write

The Uptown Players, Luzern Garden Theatre
Lake Geneva, Wis.—'Phone: Lake Geneva 9

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